

Good News for England:

O R,
The Peoples Triumph.

Then let's be joyful, and in heart content,
To see our King united with the Parliament.

Long live CHARLES the Second.

To the Tune of, *Bodkins Galliard.*



Dark clouds and storms did hide the glorious sun
With Planets evil 'twas eclipsed round ;
But now the light to us again is come,
King Charles the second glorious shall be Crown'd:
Then praise his name that did such comfort bring,
Let's do the same, and welcome home our King.

Welcome sweet Charles, thrice welcome to thy own,
Though fortune base upon thy Grace did frown,
We thy poor Subjects uttered many a groan
In City, Countrey, and in every Town :
But now he's come, let's all resoyce and sing,
Thrice welcome home to Charles our Royal King.

Full many a year this Nation hath bēn sad,
For want of trading thousands were undone,
But now resoyce, and in your hearts be glad,
Good tidings to our Land again is come :
Bonfires blaz'd, the Bells abroad did ring,
To bid welcome home to Charles our Royal King.

All sorts of Tradesmen as I understand,
They now are glad that late were grieved soze ;
Such gallant tidings is so near at hand,
Our King is safely arriv'd on our Shore :
Fair London City with acclamations ring,
To welcome home the second Charles our King.

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The second Part, to the same Tune.



The Royalists they have sequestred been,
And banisht were beyond the Seas a space;
But now in England they'l again be seen,
Accompanying our his Royal Grace:
Their Lands they shall again with speed enjoy,
Which makes them cry aloud, Vive le Roy.

Brave General Monck the Lord preserve and bless,
For he hath brought unto this Land content;
And in his actions grant him good success,
For uniting of our King and Parliament:
All people now have cause to rejoyce and sing,
And bid welcome home to Charles our Royal King.

The Aldermen in gallant pomp did ride
With their golden Chains to meet his royal Grace;
The Common Council, and every man beside,
Their hearts did leap to see his sacred face:
The Cannons from the Tower did bravely ring,
To welcome home the second Charles our King.

The Royal Seamens heart are fill'd with joy,
With flags and Streamers piercing to the Sky;
They to his Grace will be a safe Convoy,
Long live his Majesty is all their cry:
Their thundring Guns will make the Echoes ring,
To welcome home the second Charles our King.

The Irish they in Musquebath doth sing,
And makes a Bog within their jovial brain,
With drinking healths unto our noble King;
Such joyful news with comfort to obtain:
The Scots for joy their Bonnets up doth sing,
With heart & voice bids welcome home their King.

The Dutch are joyful, and the Welch more glad,
To see at length such happy tidings come;
They now are merry that before were sad,
To meet his Royal Grace doth thousands run:
Whose sight is sweet, then let's rejoyce and sing
With voices mack, bid welcome home our King.

Come Dick, come Tom, come Humphrey, Ralph, & Ned,
Leave off the Plough, hang working for a week;
Come Margery, Nancy, Eedy, and sweet Peg,
Bring forth your Garlands deckt with flowers sweet
As Birds rejoyce to usher in the Spring,
With melodious voice bid welcome home our King.

Thus to conclude the ending of my Song,
I for King Charles most heartily will pray;
God bless the Dukes, and all to them belong,
And keep them safe until their dying day:
If any here be offended at my Song,
I wish with all my heart they had ne're a tongue.

FINIS,

A. Scarkey.

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